

THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE

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MORRISTOWN, TENNESSEE

M. BERTILLON, the French savant, says that the number of suicides in France is at the rate of 628 per 1,000,000 for widowers, 278 for bachelors and 240 for married men. It will be noted from these figures that less married men commit suicide than either bachelors or widowers.

The efforts of Dom Pedro to increase the imperial revenues have been met by resistance in Rio, the people objecting to a head tax on street-car passengers. Besides constructing a new system of internal taxation, the Brazilian Finance Minister has recently produced a new tariff which is prohibitory to a great extent, and will bear heavily on foreign commerce, especially articles from the United States.

The widow of ex-President Tyler has asked Congress for a pension, on the grounds of the immense depression in the value of her real estate, the mortgage on her northern property having been foreclosed, and those on her southern property constantly troubling her. She says: "I find I have scarcely anything whatever left to live upon."

The Duke of Argyll, who made a brief visit to this country last summer, thinks the extravagance of our rich people exceeds anything known to the nobles of the old world. "Would the duke know why? Well, the most of our rich people are not used to being rich. After all, the extravagance of the rich is not to be deplored. It is the extravagance of the poor people that breeds misery."

ZEPH PARKER'S STRATAGEM.

"Sleepy, baby-faced set of people! Air they? Baby-faced enough, you bet; but I tell you, sirree, that I believe they're 'bout born with all their eyes shut out in this colonial jaws; and yew've got to get up airy, air, if you want to take a Chinese!"

The speaker was a hard-faced, hollow-jawed gentleman in a glossy black suit, which fitted him very badly, and the remark was made in the smoking-room of the "Continental." There he was to be seen daily, and he was supposed to have "given the speculators fire in the eye." In other words, he was believed to have made a fortune in petroleum.

At all events, he had plenty of money, and was very generous in the spending of it. The conversation had turned on the vexed Chinese question, and he struck into the discussion.

"I reckon," he said, "there was Zeph Parker. He was 'long of me and a few more up to Nevada 'jude' before he was washed for gold; honest-like, meow gittin' it out of pockets, now enter the stream, and wash the dirt out with a bit of wash out, and come back to another claim, Mister Washie Washie Chinese would come and go over the dirt after them and be satisfied with what he got. Then comes the silver craze. All of us goes off and loses all we made in gold, goes to silver, and comes back disappointed to try after the gold again."

"Guess we might try and try again, but no gold could we get; and all believed us was them smooth-faced pig-tailed Chinamen, gettin' on prosperous and contented."

"I tell yew," said Zeph, "I shall go and murder one of them smilin' teapots. I can't stand it much longer!"

"This here was in our bit of a tent, where we was trying to make ourselves happy, playin' poker on credit and keepin' no account."

"What for?" cried Zeph. "Dew yew think that I, an enlightened citizen of a free country am gwine to set down and be robbed of my maw's golden baggage by a pack of smilin', washer-women-faced, opium-smokin' celestial Jacobos? No, sirree, this dog's gwine to bite!"

"But I don't kinder see what this dog's gwine to bite for," said Zeph. "Teapot ain't dew nuthin' to you."

"I say, Zeph," said some one, "when did you go to meetin' last?"

work, and off we went, gittin' back to our tent about eleven o'clock, when five out of the six had got a little good dirt. I was the unlucky one, bein' a bad beggar, and had got none."

"Now, then," said Tom Paggins, as the dust was all put together, "about a big spoonful of all glitterin' stuff; let's go up to the store and get a drink."

"That yew jes' won't," said Zeph, grinnin'. "I'm kinder gwine to throw all this here dust away—I'm gwine to sow it, boys, for a crop to come up."

"We all grumbled, for we were almighty hungry; but we all had a kind of trust in Zeph, and gave way. 'Lookie here, lads,' he sez, 'I've jest twelve o'clock now, so let's go round and get a mouthful where we can.'"

"Let's go up to Billy Bolly's store and ask him to give us a square meal, and stick it up," I sez, 'he'll trust us.'"

"That didn't make a nice desert, for Bill was a wonderful clever fellow, and would think nuthin' of pluggin' a man; so we kinder sneaked out that store, feelin' uncomfortable."

"It's all right," sez Zeph, laughin'. "Come on boys and get yewr teats." "We took our tools then and went off to the gulch to have a strong party of Chinese was at work, and they watched us curiously as we began prospectin' about, washin' a bit of dirt here and a bit there, and always goin' off discontented and mow-like, till we came to a place close up to the rocks, where it ran clear up 400 or 500 feet, and after working with our picks a bit, we began to wash the soil in a pan, gatherin' round it afterward, and knowin' all the time that one of the other of the teapots had an eye on us."

"Then washed a bit more earth—gravelly, quartz stuff it was—and collected again, and then we grew excited and began to dig faster, and to wash more, and to examine what we had done each time after pickin' over the pan, throwin' out the rubbish; and when this fell yew could see a few specks of gold dust in the sun, while what Tom Paggins held in a leather bag what Tom Paggins held."

"We marks out this claim as our'n," sez Zeph out loud; and takin' a shovel he chops out a bit of rough trench, just to show the extent we meant to her; and as he did so, first one pigtail and then another comes up to watch us, and I saw them to look at the smoking-room among the refusess we had thrown over the side beyond our claim."

"No goodnoo, washee washee, Melican moun' we one round wash face smilin' Chinese. 'No poles, no poles!'"

"Oh, no; none at all, Mr. Teapot," sez Zeph, "just yew keep a bit further off, or—"

"He touched his six-shooter, and the Chinaman scurried back a little ways, while one of us fetched some water, and we began to wash another shovelful of earth."

"It's down out fine!" sez Tom Paggins out loud, as we all gathered round once more, and the top refuse, with specks of gold in, was thrown away again."

"We kept on at that for two hours, and with Zeph to manage, we washed out that little lot of gold we had borrowed about four times; but it was a good deal less at the last than when we started, for some of it was sprinkled in each of the holes we made, and half a teaspoonful of dust was lyin' to waste in the refuse."

"All this time the Chinese were comin' up from their bit of a camp, about a hundred yards away. Zeph was awfully jealous, an' kep' drivin' em away—not as we were skeered of 'em, for they're a quiet, sheepish lot, but to keep up the play."

"'Poor Chinaman!' sez the fat chap again."

"'Oh, yes; we know all 'bout that!' sez Zeph. 'Now, what is it?'"

"'Mellancuman selles claim two hundred dollars!' says the fat-headed chap, and all the others nodded their heads."

"'Will we sell you this claim for two hundred dollars?' says Zeph."

"'They all nodded till you'd ha' thought their heads'd come off.'"

"'Cut!' sez Zeph, kickin' hold of fat 'un by his tail and cacklin' him."

"'Yes, meyn!' believe gents, but them same chaps came back twice before it was dark and made fresh offers, advanced a hundred dollars each time."

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A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

A terrible encounter with a Siberian bloodhound in a New York cage.

Some time ago ex-Judge Troy, of Brooklyn, became the possessor of a Siberian bloodhound, "Satan," known to sporting men throughout the country as a terrible fighter. But the dog was so treacherous in his disposition that ex-Judge Troy turned him over to a clerk in his office, Mr. E. Haering, who, having been an athletic person, was a number of circuses, had become accustomed to entering the cages of wild beasts, under the instructions of a number of animal trainers.

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WAITS AND WHIMS.

How to get along well in the world—bore one for you.

QUICKER than pounds of powder will give an ordinary rock, you can blast a great reputation with one ounce of social tact.

Do not interpose your language with foreign words and high-sounding terms. It shows affectation, and will draw ridicule upon you.

It is said that the Bureau of Engineering has not a single ten dollar bill in its reserve stock. Singular coincidence. Neither have we.—Rockland Courier.

When the bee sting the Professor of entomology, he remarked, "Well, I like Entomology, but I don't like the sting. I admit these end-to-metological jargon."

SOME persons are capable of making great sacrifices, but few are capable of concealing how much the effort has cost them; and it is this concealment that constitutes their value.

The powers of the mind, when they are unbounded and expanded by the force of feeling, more frequently luxuriate into follies than blossom into goodness.

Do not carry on a conversation with another in company about matters which the general company know nothing of. It is almost as impolite as to whisper.

THE New Orleans Playhouse notes that among the most curious things to be seen in the city is a plaster of a dog, aroette, standing in front of theatres on machine days.

A WOMAN'S newspaper has been started in Paris. It is called Woman, and is designed to promote the interests of working women, particularly in the direction of moral and physical culture.

THE reason why we object to woman suffrage is because they would vote in ignorance. They would join neither party; all they would want is plenty of candidates.

THE lady does all her singing with her legs. Now if the young man who sits behind you at the concert and hums all his singing by rubbing the soles of his feet together, how happy you would be. And he? Oh, he would sing about as well as you.

MAX STRAUSS says that his premiere artiste is "the greatest living dramatic prima donna, and that she has led in the history of the dramatic repertoire in Europe for the last five years," whatever that may mean, and that "she is now in the zenith of her power, and unites with the most magnificent voice the talent of a superb actress."

THE earliest records of the world's history bear testimony to instances of the successful practice of medicine by women. Between the eleventh and thirteenth centuries several women acquired wide-spread renown as teachers in the great school of Salerno. In the succeeding centuries many learned physicians held professional chairs in the universities of Italy, especially that of Bologna.

JUST as everybody was settling down to enjoy themselves at a party the other evening, Miss Jimmie appeared in the room with "Ain't you folks hungry? Guess you haven't been saving up your appetites for two days and a month—"

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